

through this forest, they came to the spot where they were to build up that most precious of earthly things, A Home.

Here they built a log cabin, and started to change the wilderness into a field that would yield them bread. With labor and care they provided food and clothing, and the dim rays of the old tin lantern, now battered, rusty, and worn, have shone out many a night to light the way from this cabin to that of neighbors who soon settled around them, and peace, happiness and plenty rested on the home in the "Beech Woods."

As the years rolled on, the lantern lighted the feet of many a boy and girl to and fro in the winter evenings, and the boys and girls grew to be old, and their children are scattered until now, all there is left is the old tin lantern, battered, rusty, and worn, which has shed its rays over great-great grandfathers, great grandfathers, grandfathers, fathers, sons, and daughters, who are now dead or scattered from the hills of the "Beech Woods" toward the west, even to where the billows of the Pacific wash the shores of our broad land. All there is left of that home in the wilderness is the old tin lantern, battered, rusty, and worn." As I rubbed my eyes to get a better view of my visitor, I awoke, and all there was left of the story was the old tin lantern, battered, rusty, and worn.

Note--The couple referred to were the grandfather and grandmother of Mr. Norton who were among the early settlers of Clinton.